

Pains

by Poisonsnake23

Category: Sherlock

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Characters: John W., Sherlock H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 09:32:37

Updated: 2016-04-10 09:32:37

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:39:46

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 798

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sherlock hates Emotions and silence, but he loves distractions, craves them. So what happens when both John and Ms. Hudson are out, when he is left with only Silence as company. SlightlySuicidal!Sherlock Oblivious!John

Pains

I may do a follow up story of this, maybe. But for that to happen i needed reviews, people telling me to continue. So that means, Please review. They are like food to me, a starving person.

* * *

><p>Sherlock's paused his typing as his eyes flicked to the watch on his wrist, 1:24. His hand turned back to typing, scrolling through various emails, typing responses and sending them out. Woman fears her husband is cheating, "boring_." _He muttered his hand shaking slightly on the mouse. He glanced at the fire place and his old friend sitting there, empty eye sockets full of hidden wisdom. Sherlock pushed back out of his chair, his shaky hands running through and messing up his black hair. _Ms. Hudson's been dusting again, probably found my stash, _"god!" He said a little too loudly as his eyes found his watch. 1:25, and he was sitting on the couch, head in hands. Hands that were shaking just a little too badly. He needed a distraction, both John and Ms. Hudson was out.

He blew out an unsteady breath and tried to focus on something, anything to keep the voices out of his head. "_Idiotâ€|" _The voice was one he knew well, one who had told him so much as a kid.

"Shut up Mycoft." He muttered as he stood and moved to the window to stare out at the street. _A woman pushing a pram, bandages on her hand, walking fast, dirty knees. Coming back from the park with a younger cousin perhaps, or niece, if the pink blanket is anything to go by. _

"__Stop diving into others' lives, freak!" _Sherlock's hands hit the table beneath the window hard and fast, a small crack appearing in the wood.

"Shut up!" He yelled, his folded arms going around his head, the man falling to his knees and leaning on the now broken table. "Shut up!" His voice went from a yell to a sob, as many more voices invaded his head. He needed a distraction, now. His breathing was shallow, his lungs aching as tears slowly escaped his eyes.

"__This is my friend John Watson," "Colleague." _A cough and Sherlock was lying on the floor, the breath not really coming. He told himself to calm down, this was unnecessary, these emotions he had tried so hard to part with.

"Unnecessary," he muttered as his fingers clawed themselves down his arms. He didn't understand these things that constantly invaded his head, this pain that had no real source. He let out a growl as his fingers made large gashes in his once perfect arms. "Unnecessary!" He yelled through his sobs, blood slowly pooling around him.

Slowly the voices retreated and he was once again left alone in his soundless apartment. He slowly rose from his spot cradled around himself. Sherlock noted absently that his watch was now covered in blood as he checked the time. 2:19, his eyes drifted to the long cuts that went from his elbow to his wrist, the same ones that overlapped the old scars from the same past things. How he detested emotions and silence. How he wished to rid himself of them. Slowly he walked to the bathroom to clean his arms and wash the pool of blood from the floor.

* * *

><p>The front door opened with a sharp click and John's eyes glanced at his watch. "Sherlock!" He called out as he read the numbers. 2:57, huh. He walked into the front room to see just what he expected, Sherlock sitting at his laptop typing quickly. "You were in the exact same spot when I left, have you even moved for the four hours I've been gone." John asked as he sat down in his favourite chair. He didn't expect a response so when none came it was of no surprise to him. He sighed, his eyes scanning the room before returning to Sherlock. He stared at the man for a few seconds before his phone ringing distracted him. He noted how Sherlock's ears flicked when he said hello to the inspector on the other end. He listened patiently before slipping his phone back into his pocket. He turned to Sherlock and smiled slightly. At least he had some good news for his friend. "Looks like we have a case," John said waiting for a reply.<p>

"Excellent," He heard Sherlock mutter as the man went straight to the door. Not forgetting his coat of course, John following at a slightly slower pace.

Of course John didn't notice how one spot of floor was slightly cleaner than the other, and he would only question a week after about the crack in the table, and Sherlock made no show of knowing why

End
file.